

She was waiting

For Lefty  
          who done  
left

Curled  
          her hair  
careful

In curlers  
          well I could  
tell her

I sort of  
          like her  
but I can

Tell she  
          only likes  
Lefty

So I  
          stand  
around

And wait  
          until she  
finally goes

Senile

The old  
          son-of-a-bitch  
still tugs

My heart  
          strings. How  
to ditch

Him forever?  
          Put my head  
in a ditch

Under water  
          ten or fifteen  
minutes

Maybe that  
          would do it  
nothing else

-- Judson Crews

Wharton, Texas

New Ulm, Minnesota

In New Ulm, Minnesota, we stopped for supper.  
Lying flat back, arms between our heads  
and the cool grass. Watching a granite monument;  
an angular obelisk, seem to fall forever  
against cumulus clouds moving eastward.  
We decipher the hieroglyphics and drive on.